SCATTERED FLOWERS

WAQAS AHMAD



Scattered Flowers

by

KH. WAQAS AHMAD

Sands, Winds, Dusts are but particles,
Mountains are but stones,
Mind is the Universe.

(K. W. A.)

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Dedicated to the beloved memory of my grandfather, the late Kh. Feroze-ud-din Ahmad Bar-at-Law, who was not only an exceptional lawyer but a great man too.

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FOREWORD

Khawaja Waqas Ahmad belongs to that groups of youthful talent in the country for whom English is a natural medium of literary expression. Natural in the sense that this considerable minority of our educated young get practically all their training for life in schools where English is the only (or the major) means of communication. They are brought up conversing, writing and thinking in English. Whether this thing is good or bad is not important. What we need to recognise is that this is a fact. And if it is a bad fact then it is one for which not these young people, but we, their elders, are collectively responsible. To disparage the fact should at no stage, and uuder no circumstances, involve a condemnation of the fine youthful talent whom we have made a victim of our inability to change the English based colonial system of education into a system based on the national languages. So long as we are unable to affect this change we will have to live with the fact that a large section of the educated younger generation, gifted with tremendous qualities of head and heart will continue to converse, write and think in English.

All cackling and clucking of deprecating individuals hypocritically agitating for education in national languages, while yearly sending their own young to English medium schools, is so much empty noise, unworthy of any notice.

A large number of these talented young men and women have been writing poetry over the last two decades. Some of them are now middle-aged, and have even required a middling sort of reputation, both inside the country and abroad, for being poets. The lack of encouragement at home has not dampened their spirits, nor the spirits of those, like Khawaja Waqas Ahmad, who have come after them.

This shows, among other things, the irrepressible desire in the youg to use their God given talent for creative purposes. It is a delight to read and study the implications of what they have written. One important implication is the gratifying renewal of life and love and hope which their verses represent.

Khawaja Waqas Ahmad's verses are significant because he has made this ever recurring renewal—of life, and love and hope—the basic theme of his book of poems. He started writ-

ing only two years ago, and one can differ with some of his idiom, quarrel with his grammer, and accuse him of interpolating turns of phrases which are obviously translated from his mother tongue; but there is one thing for which at least I, as a middle aged reader, can thank him. His uninhibited optimism, his faith in life and love and their renewal, his implicit courage to meet the challenges and hazards of existence, and above all his boldly questioning stance ; these are all qualities which come like a breath of fresh air in the prevailing dank atmosphere of cynicism and opportunism which surrounds us on all sides.

It has been a most refreshing experience to have read these poems. There is much here that is raw, and yet unformed. There are familiar cliches of the English Romantics. There is the self dramatization in which boys of the age of the author take delight. But all this surrounds a hard core of healthy and organic sensibility which given encouragement, is likely to yield rich fruit in its own time. It is not mere sentimentality, or emotional exuberance, that one finds in these verses. There is in them a kind of seriousness about life and idealism

about its purposes which is gratifying to find in one so young. There is a questioning of the life patterns as he has found them and there is a desire to build.

If Waqas Ahmad is a true representative of his group—and I have no reason to believe otherwise—we can rejoice that our younger generation is going to live at a higher plane of idealism than has been possible for some time. Reading his poems one is again and again deeply moved at the purity of sentiment characteristic of a young mind struggling and growing towards the light—as a sapling breaks out of the dark earth and spreads its leaves towards the sun. One is amazed at the beauty of the process and inspired with the wonderful mystery of renewal of life.

SAFDAR MIR
("Zeno")

July 24, 1970

"THE BIRTH OF DAWN"

This universe, so vast, is dark,
Much darker than the darkest cloud ;
Immense and widely spread and stark,
And free of whispers soft or loud ;
It is the latest part of night,
The latest and the bleakest part !
Fair Artemis is fast in flight,
To rouse the tired sleeping heart
Of the Mighty god Apollo,
For her work is nigh complete;
The eastern sky grows pale and wan,
A single star adorns its veil,
Then it too pales away and flies,
And leaves the crimson east behind.

———

"EXPERIENCE"

This morn, so different from the rest,
So frightful, void of happiness,
So grey and cold, so dark, lifeless ;
When tiny, chirpy, flippant birds,
Cannot be seen, cannot be heard,
Those jingling sounds, so familiar
On usual mornings, are unheard ;
The smiling, radiant, rising sun
Fails to emerge, as was its wont ;
Fails in its daily, noble task,
Fails to renew the the failing hearts,
The frustrations and hopelessness.
When morning seems midnight again,
And evil seems enshrouding good,
While souls and hearts of all mortals,
Sink, sordid, deep and endlessly,
Into an eternal abyss
Of hopelessness and wretchedness ;
Around all men, a dark, unknown,
A sort of fear grows and enrolls
Their drooping spirits in its veil ;
On such a morn, so grey and bare,
A weird power about me gropes,

And probes my tired sunken limbs
To move towards a place, unknown,
Of which I know not where it lies,
Nor heard of it, nor seen its like!
A strange odour perfumes the fog,
That has descended thickly now
Upon the weary, gloomy earth.
As I pursue the unknown course,
The stillness of the atmosphere
Benumbes my brain and gropes my heart,
It grows around me, cold and harsh,
And stings my every nerve, so taut;
"But Hark! I wonder what that was?"
It seemed the howling of a dog!
Or of a wolf! Listen again,
Continuous, low and far away,
A howling, surely of a dog;
Yet how can I my senses trust,
Already they have been benumbed
By errieness of atmosphere,
So grimly drowsy, rarefied!
"But wait!" It seems as though the veil
Of evilness is lifting now,
But only from my senseless mind,
While I around me well can see
The world plunged still and utterly,

In the shroud of despondency.
My mind, I feel is clearer now,
Although my tired limbs seem frail;
I can reflect think and ponder,
But still, my senses, though now sound,
Seem unable to reason, why,
Tired, sunken, frail and weak
I press my way thus endlessly.
A light flickers, within me rise
A host of joyous gleeful notes,
Hope in my eyes did never gleam,
So bright and gay, as it does now,
When from all sorrows of this world,
Depression, sadness, hollowness,
Bonds of gold and silver chains,
War and Hate and Poverty,
I see a way so truly out!
But is it really a way?
I halt, ponder, feel weak and sink,
A heap to mighty earth, lifeless.

"LOVE IN NATURE"

The whispering breeze, the gentle stars,
The ivory moon, the dewy night;
The shining sun, the fluttering flowers,
The little birds, so gay in flight;
The green hill-tops, the grassy vales,
The munching cattle in the field;
Whispering in your ear love tales
The rustling leaves their hearts do yeild;
The dancing peacock in the woods,
The humble, harmless, deer at play,
The bounding hare in childish moods
Would force but each of us to stay.

This Nature...What does it convey
To every mortal in this world?
Has God, so near yet far away,
Some message through it thus unfurled?
Ah yes! ...It's true He loves us well,
And goodly Nature from Him brings
A message which I now will tell,
As in my mind it clearly rings!

The charming sights, that Nature shows,
Ask us to love both friends and foes,

For love is what on us bestows
A happiness that ever glows ;
Love is Nature, love is God,
Love is pure, true happiness,
A gift of God, a form of God,
It is the best of loveliness !

———

"THE GREYNESS OF THE ATMOSPHERE"

The greyness of the atmosphere
Shows happiness to be nowhere
In this world; Perhaps the Next
Will show it at its very best!
Until then good-bye comely host,
Now I depart for my Abode.

———

"ONE WINTER'S MORN"

One winter's morn, when on my way,
I met a pale old man,
Wrinkled and bent, with stony eyes,
White eye-brows and white hair;
On that, a cold and chilly, morn
When warmly all were dressed,
This simple, coarse and wan old man
Wore only a black shawl,
That was, around his shivering self,
Closely and crudely wrapped;
I walked slowly up to the bench
Where silently he sat,
And bade a gentle goodly-morn
Unto that frail old man;
He smiled and my greetings returned
Asked me to rest awhile,
Then looked afar, I know not where,
Towards some spot unknown;
Time lingered on not very far
Before he turned to me,
Then face to face he thus began
His words to speak to me:
"Young man," quoth he, "why are we born?
What is our business here?

Why some die young and others live
To be a hundred years ?
Why does your God give food to some
While starves a host of others?
Why does He make the crowd evil
While good only a few ?
Why richness does He give to some,
Why poverty to some ?
Why He creates why He destroys,
Why still He is not glad ?
Young man answer my questions you,
For you are young and raw !
Answer what I fail to absorb
Answer my querry you" ;
Then getting up he walked away
Before I could reply,
His questions strange and boldly put
To me, a youthful soul.
I watched his steps step out of sight,
All thoughts I pushed aside ;
To questions tough and boldly put
No second thought I gave,
For in my heart I do believe
That answers to them all,
Profound and rich and full of truth,
Lie only in the Grave !

———

"AN EVENING IN A WOOD"

In easy, silent, graceful moves,
The hare does bound away,
And sprightliness of Nature proves
And leads my thoughts astray;
I follow slowly and in stealth,
And tread upon the way,
Where she did scatter all her wealth
Of happiness and play.
The trodden path for countless years
Was trodden by unknown
Strange, happy and unhappy gears,
Thence many a plant has grown,
Away I go, away the hare goes
Bounding in huge light leaps,
Amidst the breeze its freshness flows,
The world in silence sleeps;
For here, in this an obscure wood,
No mortal man is heard,
All animals in numbers flood,
Ah! yonder sits a bird,
Which sings in notes soft, light and gay,
While rustling leaves do pray
For happiness and harmless play,
And joyous coming day;

Lost have I now the pleasing sight,
Of that, a gentle hare,
The sun does courtesy to night,
A scene of beauty rare ;
I trace my steps back to the town,
To smoky atmosphere,
The sun behind the trees goes down
And I behind the cheer,
Of restless chirping of the birds,
Their twittering so gay,
The silence of the moving herds,
The hooting far away.

———

"WOULDST THOU THEN LEAVE THE TWIG OF HOPE"

Wouldst thou then leave the twig of hope?
And with its glossy leaves allow
This twig to fall upon the earth,
Decay and die, but yet not die!
When still upon a day unknown,
Within this Earth it will dissolve,
And find it's root within it's soil,
And sprout forth green and glossier still;
At first a sapling, tender, small,
And then, as years do hurry by,
A tree huge, large and vastly spread;
And then upon that day you may
Beneath its shady coolness sit,
And find the fruit you long had sown;
Yet if you fail to see that day,
Your fellow men below will find
A happiness of unseen times,
The hope within the sleeping eyes;
And then you will rejoice the day,
In Heaven find your happy dell,
Your soul will rest in peace and you
Live happily in memory.

———

"REGAIN THAT LOST PRESTIGE"

So innocent, when young, you are,
So full of happiness!
So closely linked with God, you are,
So void of evilness!
So true, so good, so pure, you are,
So light from heaviness!
So near to Heaven's joys, you are,
So free from ugliness!
So gentle, kindly, trim, you are,
So far from morbidness!
So near to sanity, you are,
So bright with sanguinness!

But as your life dwells more and more
Upon this weary earth,
You come so close to him that was
Once very close to God!
Thus, gliding at a furious pace,
You leave that pedestal,
That was reserved for your 'true self',
And for you that was built!
Then, as he who was close to God,
More than other wings,
Your ivory glass you let it split,

To pieces infinite,

How can, then you, hope to regain
Adam's early prestige,
Or keep that lofty throne you held,
From him your heritage ?
Your heritage, it is, but lost,
Lost at an early age,
As foolish lords through gambol lose,
(And also some through rage !)
Their fortunes vast and highly placed
Upon this worldly stage ;
Thus you through Satan and his band
Lose your bright heritage !

Now up, away with this day dream,
Regain that lost prestige !
Come wake, work all, now to redeem,
Regain that lost prestige !
With might and flair should foreheads gleam,
Regain that lost prestige !
Wash sin of Eve and Adam's seam,
Regain that lost prestige !
No care of tiredness or steam,
Regain that lost prestige !
For your own sakes and God's fair realm,
Regain that lost prestige !

"INSPIRATION"

One morn when the sky was overcast
With clouds of purple hue,
I strolled across the plains, so vast,
Amidst the breeze that blew.

It was so strange and new for me
That I had planned to stroll,
On such a day when far from glee
All universe did roll.

Urged by some latent force, it seemed,
My feet I pushed along,
A light before me brightly gleamed
And then a wind rose strong.

The rain was sure to come, thought I,
What path could I ensue ?
No shelter found I far or nigh,
Nought was that I could do !

Still on I trudged with heavy steps,
Forced by some obscure power,
I walked and walked, the languid steps
Grew languid more and more.

Then far and high before my frame,
The sky grew dark and dense,
T' was only myself I could blame
For lacking any sense.

For now I stood helpless and still,
Without a shelter near,
The greyness cloaked about my will,
The storm approaching clear.

Then blacker grew the atmosphere,
A stillness gripped the earth,
No life, no sound could I then hear,
So lifeless was all mirth.

While looking up I saw across
The sky a blue light beam,
And felt the earth with thunder toss,
That followed that bright gleam.

I crumbled to the earth with fear,
In weary woe submerged,
No friend no foe, to save me, near,
No soul, no hope, emerged !

And then the sky grew blacker still,
The air grew dark and harsh !
A light afar made me sit still
Upon the cold wet earth.

Then, as if by some force Divine,
My heart grew tough and bold,
And all the shudders down my spine,
Were incidents of old !

And then I felt a pain acute,
A tinge of happiness,
And from the earth I rose up mute
And void of heaviness !

———

"ON SOLITUDE"

I love the peace of solitude,
Its quiet, gentle, fleeting charm ;
It takes me from this world away,
Away into a world, remote ;
Alone I stand in that unknown,
During those silent passing times,
And down upon the world do look
And see the helpless faces wild ;
I see a throng of people great,
I hear their laughs and wailings shrill,
While I upon my lonely throne !
Do mutely sit and watch them all ;
I laugh at them I weep with them,
And yet I far above remain ;
Then somewhere in the rowdy crowd,
I see a restless, weary face,
I see it's virtues see its faults,
I closely look and know its me !

———

"TOWARDS ETERNITY"

(a dream)

In a dream I saw myself,
Treading on a land unknown,
Walking with steps slow and careful,
Looking ahead, around, behind;
Breathing now in pleasant style,
Gasping now for breath of life;
Many a mood did I there see,
Many a change and many a sight;
Love and hate, they all were there,
Honour, pride and poverty;
Richness clad in ugly clothes,
Poverty in clothes divine;
Honour high and gleaming white,
Pride below and black as night.

Then to a hillock small I came,
A hillock small, but glossy green,
With lofty trees brimful of life,
Full of youth's might and gaiety;
The roses too, on every side,
At every gaze fluttered and danced
Under a gentle fragrant breeze,
That blew to you and made you nod.

Thus to this gay hillock I came,
And stood awhile surprised and still,
For I had not the thought endeared,
That I a mortal meaningless,
Could own the fruit I cherished most,
Could reach my goal so listlessly.
And then with gentle, careful, steps,
With steps cautious and measured each,
I saw myself ascend the climb,
On to that lofty, rich green peak;
But now the mound that previously
Had seemed a listless, easy climb,
Offered such a rugged ascent,
With thorns and bushes everywhere
And snakes, a host, at every step,
That I, perhaps, coward at heart,
Retreated dumb with dizziness.
But down once more, the bottom reached,
I felt the hillock small again,
Attracting me to it, again;
Thus once again my luck I tried,
The top I tried, once more, to tread,
But it was such a thorny path,
That scarcely half had I traversed,
When bleeding profusely and red,
And staving off the snaky heads,

Of thorns and bushes nearby,
I downwards to the foot began,
A dreary, dreamy, dazed, descent;
Thrice, ever bold, did I yet try
My luck to reach the crooked top,
Each time I failed, each time when down,
The hill my throbbing heart engulfed !
And now I planned the final try,
The last one and my bravest best,
Of helpful things full well equiped,
I my tiring ascend began;
With weary steps and whirling head,
I laboured slowly, inch by inch,
The thorns the dangers all I swept
Away from myself and the rest.
Then gradually, half in a swoon,
I groped my way towards my goal;
My staggering steps stepped to the top
The goal was reached, the peak traversed !
What a ralief ! What happiness !
And then I sensed a tinge of glee,
I felt myself a growing frame,
Smiling the gleeful victory smile,
That lasted but a lonesome while !
For when my happiness and pride
Did pave their way towards their full,

A crator on the hill emerged
And swallowed up my weary soul !

This dream I saw, yet I know not
A dream it was or something true;
Yet were it false or were it true
I would not like myself to know;
In ignorance I would remain,
For I believe this ignorance
Is the root of my happiness.

———

'I LOVE YOU'

So pure she seems as she alone reclines,
Upon the soft and thick green grass,
That has upon the garden ground
Spread as a carpet newly bought.

So fair she seems in her thin silken dress,
Pure white it loosely hangs upon
Her frame, so full of graceful ease,
Yet delicate like fragrant flowers
On tender, gently swaying stems.

Her jet black hair behind her like a shadow falls,
And gives her face a fairer glow,
As blackness of the sleeping night
Enheightens beauty of the moon,
Which shines in its full splendour rich,
An ivory globe before a curtain dark!

Her big dark eyes, so black and deeper than
The ocean vast, twinkle like gems!
A million lights away do fly
And scatter all upon the earth,
Each light much brighter than the sun,
And more inspiring than a star

Alone upon the morning sky!

Her parted, gentle cherry lips,
Below a small, straight tender nose,
A fragrant breath do softly draw
And quiver slightly in the act;
Her loving, bare and round, fair arms,
Her tender hands, her tiny feet,
So smooth and lovely of the skin
Are resting carelessly on Earth.

This dreamy sight and a strange pious look
In her sweet lovely eyes, whispers
Most lightly in my ear; Again
And yet again it says
'I love you! Ah, I love you!'

———

"IMAGINATION"

The mind controls the eager eye,
And through the vistas of moments,
Looks back upon an unknown world,
An ancient and mysterious place;
No facts, no truth, may be found there,
The place itself may not exist,
But mind and eye closely do work,
And lay the seeds and plucky roots
Of imagination profound;
The world, in which we now do stir,
Was once the home of truthfulness
Simplicity and innocence;
Where happiness lay in the Man,
And not in mammoth iron wheels;
Where faces of the men did show
A frankness and no grizzly mask;
When wrongs were less, goods did abound,
Within our breasts when hearts did sound.
Warm throbbing hearts of flesh and blood,
Not blue with numbness cold like steel;
But did in ancient long past days
Such any place ever exist?
Who knows and who may ever know?

The rusty pages of record
Themselves are in their form confused,
And know not what did once exist,
And know not what may yet exist!
But mind and eyes are yet not bound
By silver or by golden chains,
Nor by the patchy and unkempt,
Wan pages of our history;
They fly afar and free of bonds,
To places where no one did tread;
To unknown lands and unknown seas,
To worthy and unworthy men.
Thus eyes do softly, slowly, close,
And mind opens and swiftly flows,
Like some tumultuous graceful stream,
That from the icy mountain top
Downwards towards the plain does run
And floods them with its watery soil,
The richness, of which, soon does show
Its face beguiling, glossy, green;
So does the mind, with richly soil,
Flow on towards something unknown
And shows that kingdom to the eye,
Which sees and to the heart departs,
Like sea waves which unto the land
Do come and then away do go,

In quiet rocking ebb and flow;
Thus eye, unto the throbbing heart,
Concedes what it in mind does see.
The mind and ear they also work
As closely as the ticking clock
Works with its silent moving arms;
The ear unto the mind submits
What it around itself does hear,
Sweet, jingling, or discordant sounds,
And leaves it for the heart to feel,
Sorrows or joys or emptiness;
All senses, then, save that of touch,
Are strained in this strange obscure work,
The work of thoughts yet not of facts!

———

"MY PAST REMEMBERANCES"
(An Orphan Speaks)

Despondency from my heart does rise,
And leads my thoughts away,
Into the past which I despise,
No moment when was gay.

My heart does ache at thoughts of yore,
It is submerged in pain,
For no one, then, did me adore,
But shunned me in disdain.

My parents, dear, when did depart,
Scarce I could use my tongue,
"Tis due to him," the good remarked,
Though I was very young.

To bear the turn of fortune's wheel,
Was I then left alone,
For hearts of friends were made of steel,
Was icy cold their tone.

A life of hardships pain of heart,
Was left for me to lead,
And I endured it from the start,
Myself so I could feed.

Thus in this icy world, so wide,
I worked on steadily,
And tried to gain a place of pride
In my community.

By turn of fortune's wheel again,
I did achieve my goal,
And rubbed the dark and dreary stain
Off my weary soul.

But now to see the people same,
That did once me despise,
To cluster all about my frame,
It deeply hurts my pride.

In this world your honour counts,
Along with social state,
And if you can't these two surmount,
There's nought for you but hate.

———

'ON LOVE'

A gentle whisper, gentler still,
The touch of wanton playful locks,
And then the smooth and silken touch
Of fairest of all mortal hands,
And softest of them all, the warmth
Of the carressing, passing, breath:
The homely and inspiring glow,
Light of the tiny, small glow-worm,
Upon a dark and stormy night:
The potrait of a loving heart.
The longing of the beast in cage,
O' for the fresh, free, jungle winds;
The longing of the butterfly,
For the full blown and fragrant rose;
The blinded faith, the half-closed eyes,
The veil of pure forgetfulness;
All this is love, and more to it!
Large meadows green and stately trees,
The racing, raving, reeling stream,
All nature in its essence pure,
Shows love is stronger than the chains
That link us with this mortal world;
The huge and smiling, round, Selene,

The symbol of sublime love,
Of beauty and of stateliness,
Still warms the hearts of gentle souls,
And of their loves it them reminds,
Of purity and innocence!
The lightly floating, foaming clouds,
Pure white and full of magic grace,
Or black and thick and full of tears;
The hill-tops rich or brazen brown;
The tall green trees or withered leaves;
The flowers happy, sad or dead;
All to a lover do appeal,
For love finds rest in the soft breast
Of nature in its every form.
Love! many a man has it shaped,
So bright and powerful of mind
That he unto the world has thrown
An endless richness of delight,
Of goodly fresh and tranquil creeds,
Which have unto the world bestowed
Much happiness, much gaiety,
Much innocence and humbleness;
Yet through this pure and simple truth
Empires great have lost their sway,
Like the sea huge and full of joy,
Which through the gradual stem of time

Has lost its richness and its flood,
And dried up dead and utterly,
Never again to rise to heights
And see the face of world again;
So have the Nations, vastly spread,
Lost all their splendid majesty
Through one sublime and simple love!
No truth does in this world exist,
No truth except pure, gentle, love,
No happiness, no jollity,
No feelings of contented life,
Nothing does in this world endure,
But love lives on and never dies,
O' Nothing can on earth exist
Without the form of love Divine!
All Universe, so huge and large,
Is yet too minute for one love,
A love sublime and innocent,
A love that glows eternally!
O' Aphrodite fly to our help,
Save us from wars and preach us love.

———

'THE MIGHTY MUSSALMAANS!

The people of Mecca in chaos ran,
To see Man fight his brother Man,
To see who cut another's throat,
And see who to the ground was smote.

The drunkards, gamblers, all were there,
With joyous looks they all did stare,
For such a scene was never rare,
As none did for another care.

Cruel, unjust, mad and bloody,
Were the Arabs coarse and muddy,
In those days of long ago,
Of truth when none of them did know.

At female's birth they all would rave,
In anger wildly would behave,
And bury alive the gentle babe,
Forgetting then their sin so grave!

Far and wide were they ill-known,
Satan so his seeds had sown;
Worldly life and worldly pleasure
Was their only needed treasure.

Unholiness with them was born,
It seemed their angels all had gone
To take a long untimely rest,
While God, it seemed, had lost interest!

Each day from morn to twilight, dull,
Rowdy skull fought rowdy skull,
They gambled and enjoyed the base,
Sensual pleasures stained their race.

But God was well aware of them,
And for them He prepared a Gem!
For He had not yet lost interest
In what He labelled as the best.

And when for long had they remained,
In ignorance by Satan chained,
God sent for them the present rare,
"The Prophet" who for them could care.

And thus began a mutation,
And rose therewith a strong Nation;
Known far and wide for piety,
For honesty, integrity.

Rose then the Mighty Mussalmaans,
The strong, though gentle, Mussalmaans,
Peaceful of their hearts core,
Kind and humble even more.

Who never cease to love the God,
To love the one and only God ;
Who keep their faith in Him alone,
For all is his: soul, skin and bone.

————

"MUSINGS"

The goodly smiles of ancient days,
The feelings, in the heart, profound,
Thoughts that were full of peace and love,
That had within their mammoth grasp
The betterment of common Man
And happiness for all the world,
Are now no more to lead the world
Out of its wars and jealous fits.
The music, calm and sweeping grace,
The quiet balmy atmosphere,
All from this world away have gone
Along with those who bred these goods.
The modern man hears screeching sounds
He hears the massive iron clank;
His mind is numbed, his feelings fine
Are cloaked and fail to wriggle out;
He sees the wheels produce for him
All that is comfort for his flesh;
His hands, his body, both do feel,
Yet something, precious more than this,
Is writhing with an agony,
That has no words for to describe !
It is his soul, that finds no rest

Within this selfish world of ours.
No heart is left within, to feel
The sorrows of the fellow men;
No mind, to think of justice, left,
No concience left to guide our steps.
Yet in this world there still remain
Few twinkling stars that preach us love;
Few soothing sounds we still can hear
Amidst the din and clamour wild;
The science, it relieves the flesh,
But tortures our immortal souls;
It hunts the bent and broken man,
It murders artless citizens,
It fights behind the mask of peace,
And stains that ever gentle name;
It rules the man, the helpless man,
Who meekly in the world remains
A mere machine an implement !

———

"N I G H T"

The mammoth mantle-morning's seed and robe
Of obscure acts-spreads silently upon
The weary earth and lulls the misty globe
To sleep ; it's hush the people's lullaby,
It's inspiration twinkling stars, it's sad
Romance the solemn moon, it's quiet glee
The cool fresh breeze. Who cannot here be glad,
Submerged in joys of past eternal days?
But yet this night, printed with silent clouds,
Hides thundering storms and thousand woes;
Beneath it rest a host of flickering glows
Of sadness, death, evils and sad regrets;
Volcanoes of emotions, wanton, free,
Errupt in its graceful tranquillity;

———



THE AUTHOR

When I read the "so called" modern poetry, I feel belittled. To follow the truth, I hardly understand it. I fear that the modern poet is crushed under a huge and heavy vagueness of ideas. He himself, I think, does not know what he intends to say. His poetry is as uncertain as the machine age we live in.

It was to bring back a gentleness, to this art that I started writing poetry. To me, poetry is essentially a combination of music and exceptionally delicate ideas.

My thoughts and feelings have been registered whenever they were sufficiently strong to evoke poetic expression. The world as I see it, the world as I would like it to be, the impressions that people and experiences have left upon me, all this has been given form in poetry. In general, I crave for peace and happiness of the mind, utter fineness of feeling and an eternal love for mankind.